

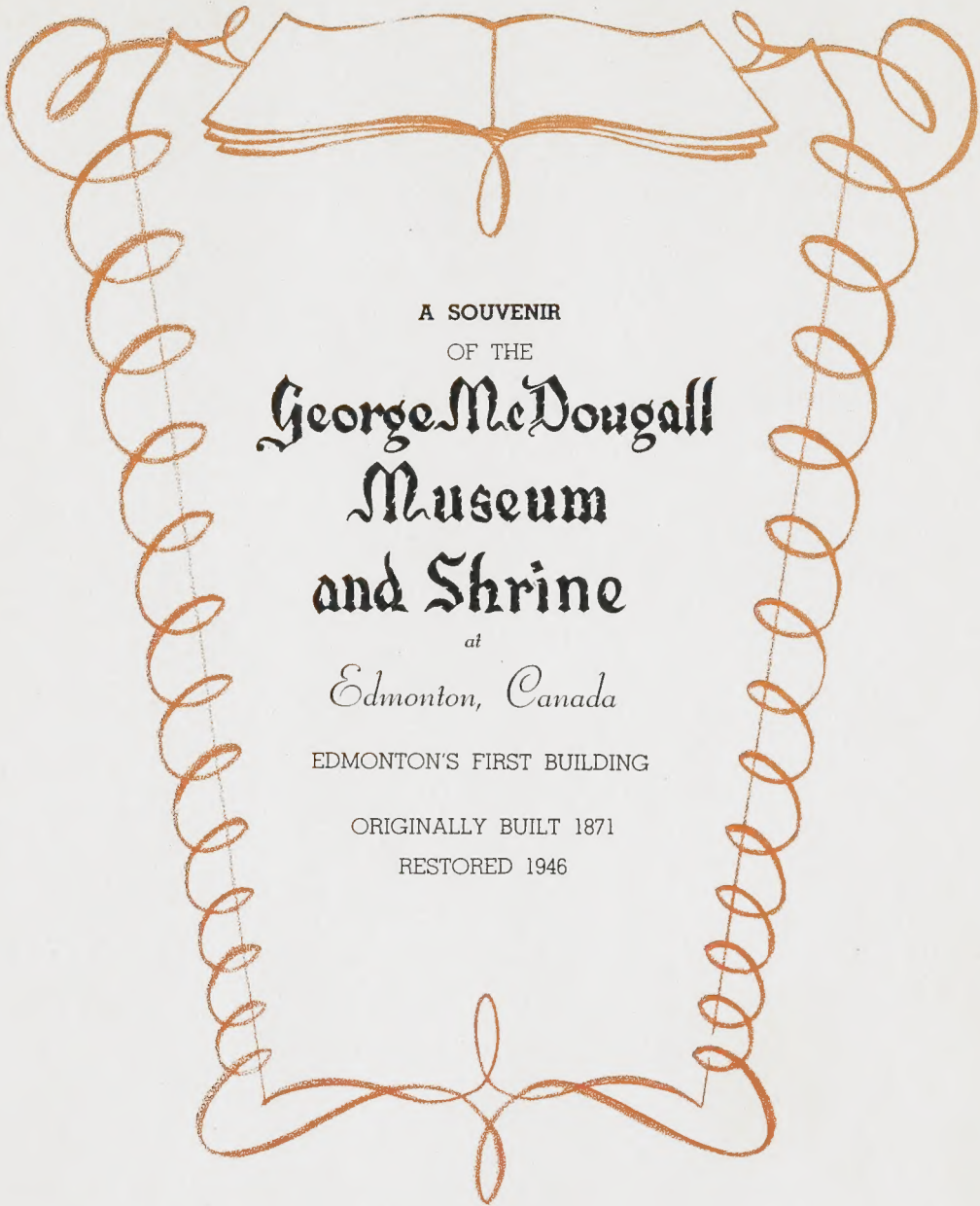


The George McDougall Museum and Shrine



The Little Church
at the City's Heart

WE HAVE REBUILT THIS SHRINE — IT CAN BE MAINTAINED ONLY THROUGH YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS



A SOUVENIR

OF THE

**George McDougall
Museum
and Shrine**

at

Edmonton, Canada

EDMONTON'S FIRST BUILDING

ORIGINALLY BUILT 1871

RESTORED 1946

Foreword.

The Restoration Committee of the George McDougall Memorial Church wishes to express sincere gratitude and appreciation to all who by their co-operation and practical interest have made the restoration of this historic landmark possible. This building is the realization of a dream of the intrepid pioneer missionary, McDougall, and of the brave, devoted and sacrificial men and women who labored to lay the foundation of Edmonton in integrity and righteousness.

McDougall stood on the brow of the hill overlooking the majestic valley of the Saskatchewan. As he looked and listened he heard "the sound of that advancing multitude which soon shall fill these prairies. From the ground comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice of Sabbath worshippers."

And so today this shrine at the city's heart, replete with many hallowed memories, stands on sacred ground, preserving the past, enshrining the present and challenging the future.

J. S. McCall

Chairman, Restoration Committee



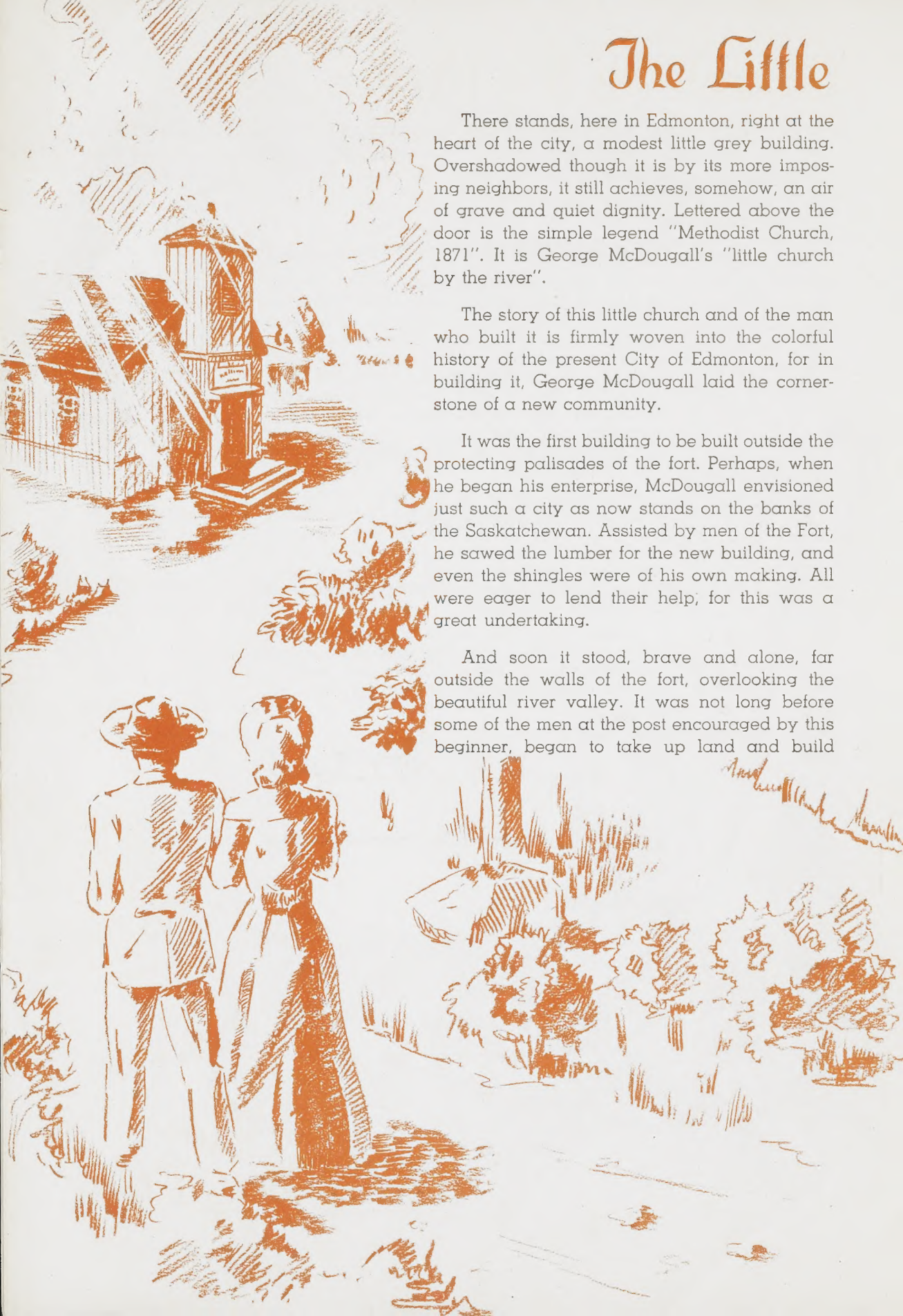
The Little

There stands, here in Edmonton, right at the heart of the city, a modest little grey building. Overshadowed though it is by its more imposing neighbors, it still achieves, somehow, an air of grave and quiet dignity. Lettered above the door is the simple legend "Methodist Church, 1871". It is George McDougall's "little church by the river".

The story of this little church and of the man who built it is firmly woven into the colorful history of the present City of Edmonton, for in building it, George McDougall laid the cornerstone of a new community.

It was the first building to be built outside the protecting palisades of the fort. Perhaps, when he began his enterprise, McDougall envisioned just such a city as now stands on the banks of the Saskatchewan. Assisted by men of the Fort, he sawed the lumber for the new building, and even the shingles were of his own making. All were eager to lend their help; for this was a great undertaking.

And soon it stood, brave and alone, far outside the walls of the fort, overlooking the beautiful river valley. It was not long before some of the men at the post encouraged by this beginner, began to take up land and build



Church by the River

homes along the river. New settlers came into the west and joined them there. Edmonton was at last more than a trading post and fort; it was a community—the Village of Edmonton.

The settlement grew, and the little Methodist church was the meeting place for the whole community. In it were held the services and social gatherings of many other denominations — the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Moravians and the Salvation Army. Its walls resounded with the prayers and hymns of an ever-increasing company, the pioneers, those sturdy people who hewed and toiled and worked to lay the foundations of a city.

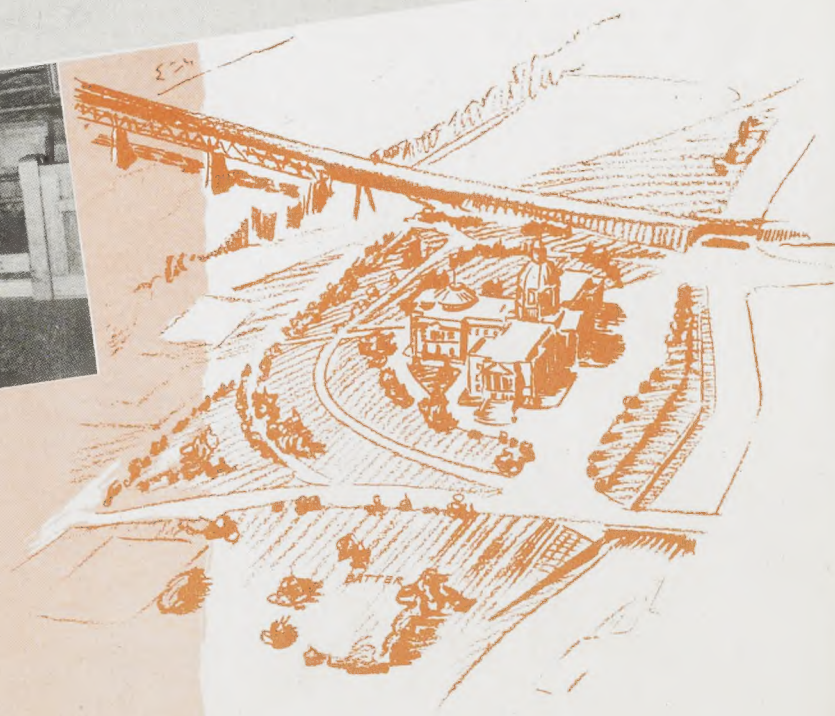
It is not surprising, perhaps, that in the eventful days of building a provincial capital, in the busy, purposeful times in which we now live, the little church should be quite forgotten. It was inevitable, though, that at last it should be restored as a memorial to the man who built it, for this man and his church are an integral part of those courageous early days of the west.

Inside the doors of the little shrine the storied past still lives. The walls are hung with the pictures of the pioneers, the great men who worked with abiding faith and courage to build and open up this part of the west, valiant missionaries, traders and settlers. All have a story to tell, and each story becomes suddenly alive when told inside these old walls, among the relics of another day. For this church has become something of a museum, now, where there are preserved many mementos which serve as a real and concrete link with those noble men and women whose very lives—their heroisms, hardships, privations, their simple joys and their hard, back-breaking work—made of this "fur country" a good place to live.

So the old church stands alone once more, an ancient building in the midst of a modern city. It slumbers quietly in the sun, a memorial to a great man of whom the Hon. Frank Oliver said, "The present city may well be accepted as a monument to his enterprise, judgment, and timely activity"







INTERIOR RIGHT

INTERIOR LEFT

EXTERIOR OF RESTORED CHURCH

George McDougall

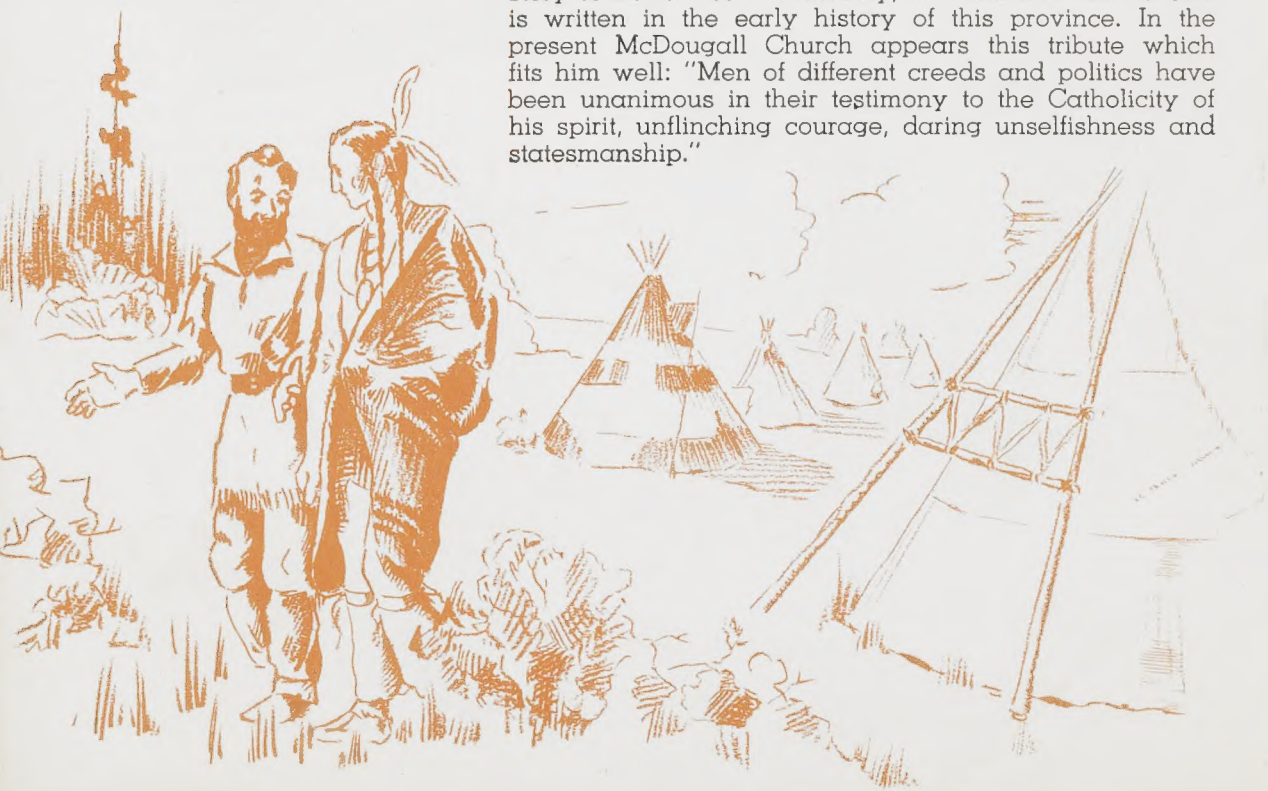
Rev. George McDougall brought with him to the Canadian north-west that greatness of mind and heart and spirit which, down through the ages, has been the badge of great men of every nation. A man of vision and action, he strove to prepare the Indians for the time when the white man would push forward the march of civilization into the North West Territories.

His was a huge task. By "saddle, sled and snowshoe" he covered the vast plains from the Smoky Lake in the north to the Old Man River in the south, befriending the red man, teaching him the Christian faith and educating him to the ways of the white man.

It was not until 1871, when he had been travelling and serving the prairies for some ten years as chairman of Hudson's Bay Missions, that he took charge of the mission at Fort Edmonton. Early in that year he built his home and his church outside the fort's stockade. His enthusiasm for settlement and farming encouraged many Company men and Eastern Canadians to take up land and put down roots in this new country in the Edmonton area.

There is, at Wetaskiwin, a monument to the part played by the McDougalls in making and keeping the peace between the fierce Blackfeet and Cree tribes. Always a man of peace, he with the help of his son, John, managed, during the tense days of the first Riel Rebellion, to quiet the unrest among the Indians of the Alberta plains. And it was largely through their efforts that these Indians were prepared later to fit into the Dominion Government Reserve Plan and to welcome the Royal North West Mounted Police.

While on a hunting trip near Morley, in 1876, George McDougall died on the prairies he loved so well. The story of his service to humanity, to civilization and to God is written in the early history of this province. In the present McDougall Church appears this tribute which fits him well: "Men of different creeds and politics have been unanimous in their testimony to the Catholicity of his spirit, unflinching courage, daring unselfishness and statesmanship."



Some of the Pioneers

THE WOMAN—Mrs. George McDougall speaks for all the pioneer women of the Northwest. Courageous and strong, she worked at her husband's side, running the mission when he was away, caring for her family and giving generously of kindness and help to the Indians who came to her with their troubles.

THE TRADER—John Rowand came to the Northwest from Montreal, and was placed in charge of Fort Edmonton in 1823. Though a Roman Catholic, he was a great friend of the Wesleyan, Robert Rundle. He was well known for his fierce and fiery temper, ruling Indian and white man alike with a rod of iron, but was a very effective Hudson's Bay Co. servant.

THE CHURCH — Henry Steinhauer, an Ojibway Indian, from Ontario, who became a Greek and Hebrew scholar, served in western missions for forty years. He had a great faith in the possibilities of educating the plains Indians, and was, of course, especially equipped to work among them. His two sons, Robert and Egerton, also gave heroic service to the church.

THE CITIZEN — The Hon. Frank Oliver, journalist, statesman, citizen and Canadian, was the strong guiding light that led the town of Edmonton through its most difficult early days. As editor of the first

newspaper the Edmonton Bulletin, which he founded in 1880, and in his official capacities in the Dominion Parliament he was largely responsible for the development of the present City of Edmonton.

THE LAW—A member of the Royal North West Mounted Police, this man stands as a worthy representative of a great force which brought law and order to the Northwest. For them there was no trail too long, no task too difficult, no load too heavy. They walked the trails beside the pioneers, and in the little church found courage and faith for the long haul and the weary journey.

THE NATIVE—The Cree Chief Maskepetoon, decorated in Washington, D.C., 1832, by President Jackson, a noted warrior, was completely changed through the influence of Rundle and Wolsey. Through him the Blackfeet and other tribes were restrained from joining Riel in the rebellion of 1869—but it cost his life.

THE INVENTOR — James Evans through invention of the Cree syllabic system which he brought to Fort Edmonton in 1841, rendered a signal service to all Indian Missionaries. By the use of this system, Frank Laubach and others are leading millions each year of the natives of Asia and Africa to become literate.



A Canadian Historic Shrine



The McDougall Memorial Church

Within This Humble Church
Built By Pioneers And The Labour Of The
Rev. George McDougall
Protestant **Worship**
In What Is Now The
Edmonton District
Had Its Beginning

It Was Built Only For The Glory Of God And The
Well-Being Of This Western Land.
It Was Used By Other Bodies As Well As The Methodists

The Use Of This Church As A Memorial Is A
Fitting Tribute To Our Fathers In The Faith
And To Those Pioneers Who Sought To Build
This Land On Foundations Well And Truly Laid

It Preserves The Past
It Enriches The Present
It Challenges The Future

AND NOW . . . ?

This Souvenir Booklet is yours to preserve and treasure. It links you, in a very practical manner, with all the storied past of the Canadian Northwest.

Your contribution has helped to preserve this sacred spot for those who will follow after. We are exceedingly grateful for this gift, and would most heartily commend to you the thought that this Shrine, which you have helped rebuild, will always have a place in your thoughts, your prayers and your gifts. May it always be a "Shrine at the City's Heart".

We have rebuilt. Will you help us maintain?

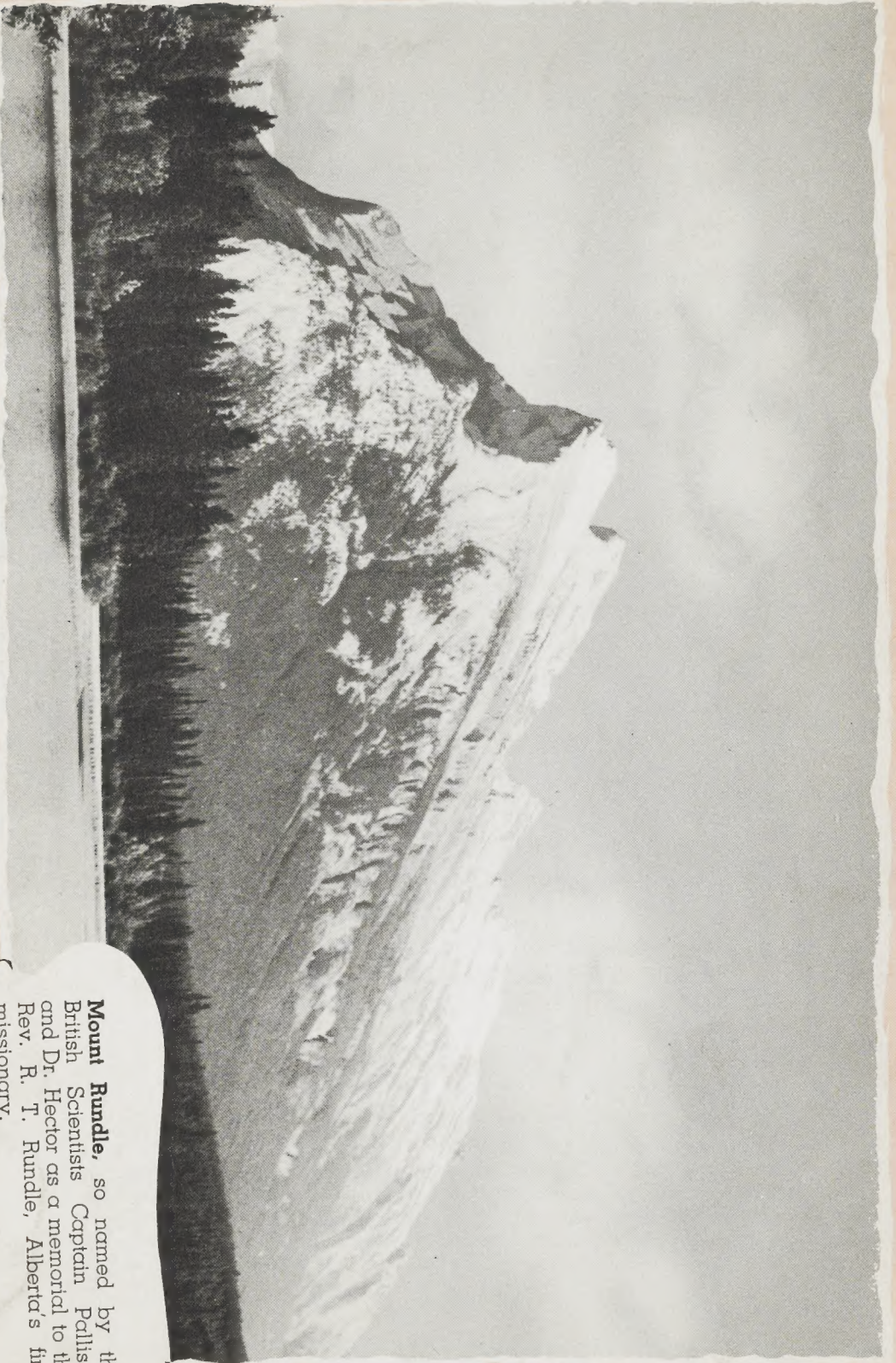
The Church by the River

No costly pile of marbled beauty thou;
No rich magnificence of sculptured art;
No windows, colourful in cloistered light;
No halls, with gorgeous trappings set apart.
No doors of ancient metals, fashioned fair;
No massive dome, no deep and misty aisles;
No archways, sweeping up toward the skies;
No mighty organ that the soul beguiles.

No, just a simple church, beyond the Fort,
A humble building, yet a holy place,
Standing with simple lines, above the hill,
Its portals free to every tribe and race.
There, with the quiet river at its feet—
Romantic highway of those early days—
There, with their simple tools, their sweat, their tears,
They hewed and sawed, and built, and gave God praise.
No templed masonry, no work of guild;
No poem that the centuries might build.
A simple structure, yet sublimely grand,
Built by a workman's heart, and willing hand.
And here, where now a modern city rears,
Its mighty sky-line for a world to see,
Still stands, with logs they hauled—those gallant souls—
And whip-sawn lumber, stands for you and me,
This dwelling place of God, this precious shrine,
McDougall's church. What memories are thine!

—J. T. STEPHENS

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Mount Rundle, so named by the British Scientist Captain Polliser and Dr. Hector as a memorial to the Rev. R. T. Rundle, Alberta's first missionary.